

# Halloween we're the men



**Issue 49.2**

Halloween Exclusive

With special guests, the Neo-pagan collective!

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**Next layout meeting is Nov. 8  
7pm, Omen office, be there!**

Front Cover: Ally Zeitler and Chloe Omelchuck

Back Cover: Ally Zeitler

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu), the Omen Office or Chloe's mailbox (0369)

**Policy**

The Omen is a bimonthly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

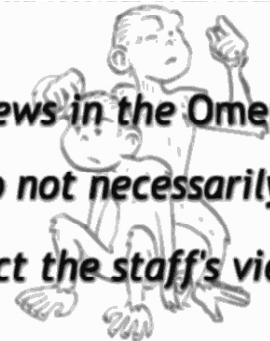
The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.



**Views in the Omen (5)**

**Do not necessarily (7)**

**Reflect the staff's views (5)**



Chloe: Tigger

Simon: Shrek

Ida: Clippy

Cameron: Baby Weed

Will: John Oliver

Ally: Feminist Porn Star who really likes BDSM

**Staff Box 10/25/2018: (In order of appearance)**

Chloe: "Rocks make the best friends."

Simon: "Don't worry, Sally had a worse Halloween."

Sierra: "I require a nickel for my services."

Maggie: Take a shot of watermelon vodka and a hit of purple weed off of a bong named Saphira.

Ianka: "Read Pious Nietzsche and explain that Dionysus is wonderful and he must embrace the beauty of suffering in life and that he must slaughter a bull as a sacrifice every three years to honor our mysteries."

Will: Say in the best impression of bugs bunny "what's up chuck."

Ally: "Go get a blanket, put it on yourself and take a nap."

Kiyoshi: "Don't worry, someday you will write your own comic."

Ethan: Nobody knows

Ida: "You're going to die eventually anyway so it doesn't matter how many times you fail to kick the ball."

# What is Paganism?

SECONDARY EDITORIAL BY Ally Zeitler



Paganism encompasses a group of spiritualities/ religions based on a reverence for nature. These faiths draw on traditional religions of indigenous peoples throughout the world. Paganism encompasses a diverse community including Wiccans, Druids, Shamans, Sacred Ecologists, and others. Some groups concentrate on specific traditions or practices such as ecology, witchcraft, Celtic traditions or certain deities. Most Pagans share an ecological vision that comes from the Pagan belief in the organic vitality

and spirituality of the natural world. Due to persecution and misrepresentation it is necessary to define what Pagans are not as well as what they are. Pagans are not sexual deviants, do not worship the devil, are not evil, do not practice 'black magic' and their practices do not involve harming people or animals.

Ally  
~ Ida Kao

10/4/18

continued on next page...

## *So what do Pagans believe in?*

Paganism covers a wide variety of ideas, and these elements sum up the beliefs of many. Pagans respect nature as divine. The recognition of the divine in nature is at the heart of Pagan belief. Pagans are deeply aware of the natural world and see the power of the divine in the ongoing cycle of life and death. Most Pagans are eco-friendly, seeking to live in a way that minimizes harm to the natural environment.

Pagans worship the divine in many different forms, through feminine as well as masculine imagery and also as without gender. The most important and widely recognized of these are the God and Goddess (or pantheons of God and Goddesses) whose annual cycle of procreation, giving birth and dying defines the Pagan year. Paganism is inherently feminist and strongly emphasizes equality. Women play a prominent role in the modern Pagan movement, and Goddess worship features in most Pagan ceremonies.

Paganism is not based on doctrine or liturgy. Many pagans believe 'if it harms none, do what you will'. There are also beliefs in karma, and many pagans honor the rule of three that "whatever energy a person puts out into the world they will receive back three times". Following this code, Pagan theology is based primarily on experience, with the aim of Pagan ritual being to make contact with the divine in the world that surrounds them and be the best version of themselves they can be.

## *What do Pagans Celebrate?*

Pagans celebrate eight holidays, with this seasonal cycle often referred to as "The Wheel of the Year". The holidays are Imbolc, Ostara (Spring Equinox), Beltane, Litha (Summer Solstice), Lammas, Mabon (Autumnal Equinox), Samhain, and Yule (Winter Solstice). Right now it is almost Samhain (pronounced 'sow'inn') which is a very important date in the Pagan calendar for it marks the Feast of the Dead. It is also celebrated by non-Pagans who call this festival Halloween. Samhain has been celebrated for centuries. It is the time of the year when the veil between our world and the spirit world is thinnest, and it is easiest to make contact with ancestors. To most modern Pagans, while death is still the central theme of the festival this does not mean it is a morbid event. For Pagans, death is not a thing to be feared. Old age is valued for its wisdom and dying is accepted as a part of life as necessary and welcome as birth. While Pagans, like people of other faiths, always honor and show respect for their dead, this is particularly marked at Samhain. Loved ones who have recently died are remembered and their spirits often invited to join the living in the celebratory feast. As well as feasting, Pagans may celebrate Samhain with ritual, spending time connecting with nature, building sacred bonfires to keep warm, telling stories about ancestors, divination (predicting the future through tarot cards, runes, scrying, geomancy, tea leaves, pendulum, and other methods) along with many more ways. Death also symbolizes endings and Samhain is therefore not only a time for reflecting on mortality, but also on the passing of relationships, jobs and other significant changes in life. It is a time for taking stock of the past and coming to terms with it, in order to move on and look forward to the future.

# EDITORIAL

## Chloe Anne Omelchuck

Hello Omenites!

Today is both Halloween and advising day, two auspicious events indeed. In this issue we have teamed up with the Neo-pagan collective to produce something a little more... Samhain-ish. As my partner-in-crime for this issue explained, Samhain is a time of dying, of self-reflection. And what better time to do it than on a day we are also looking forward to what our next semester may hold? The Omen itself ought to be a reflection of the campus' thoughts, so what better place to reflect on the turning of the year? For me, writing is about reflection and ordering my thoughts. The Omen is a conversation that I try to create with the writing, photos, and art that are submitted to it. It is a conversation that I like to have with the people of this campus- to share my thoughts and have others share them in return.

As the Omen staff sat in the office last week doing layout, we pondered the nature of paganism and of course discussed how paganism and the Omen fit nicely together. After all, we are ourselves a little cultish, so it seems only right that we would team up with the group most often (incorrectly) characterized as the religion of cults. As I sat down to write this editorial my thoughts turned to the history of paganism, and how its followers were marginalized and prosecuted by those who deemed their faith as lesser or outright wrong. It brings to mind the culture of extremism and fear which lead to witch-hunts and more modern terrorism, oppression and hate.



I often try to keep these editorial light-hearted. I, like so many people, don't like thinking about all that is wrong and continues to go wrong in the world. In the current political climate it seems there is no one problem that needs to be solved, no good solutions, and no clear path to something better. At the end of the the 2016 election it seemed like something had gone horribly wrong with the nation as a whole, now, two years later, it just seems like something is wrong with how our government operates. There seems to be little point in participating in a system of government that, to all appearances, doesn't have any grounding logic or reason and that continues to perpetuate laws and beliefs that have lead to the recent violence both in numerous school shootings and the more recent attack on a Pittsburg synagogue.

Election day is next tuesday. There have been times in the past few weeks when I have considered not voting. After all, is it really

CHLOE

~ Jane Kao

10/4/18

worth it to do something that I'm not even sure will change anything? But I do plan to do it. My resolve in this election is to look for candidates that I think will not only support the issues that I support, but who will also tackle some of the systemic problems that I see in the American political system. When I vote next Tuesday I will be looking for people also looking for an end to the cycle and culture of extremism that the U.S. and many nations around the world seem to be consumed by right now. And it is important to look for those who not only share a stance on issues with you, but are also committed to combating the escalating rhetoric between both the right and the left.

There are many who argue that there is no point in trying to pander to the vitriol of certain right-wing politicians. And if it was indeed the case that this government will stay in power forever I might be more inclined to agree. However, no matter how far away it seems, there will come a day when President Trump leaves office. When that day arrives, the government will have to find a way to recover and repair itself from the damage that his administration has done. If we do not maintain some semblance of the balance and rationality that I wish would exist in our government, I'm afraid that even after Trump leaves office, we will never get there. Combating extremism with extremism has never resulted in anything but more hate.

Just remember that no season lasts forever. Things will never continue as they are now and things will continue to change- just how is up to us. As we move into the winter months, and the leaves continue to turn and fall from the trees, and I select classes for the spring, I will think about what I also have to look forward to in the coming year, and what I hope for for both myself and the nation as a whole, and I hope you will too.

Remember, the Omen loves you!  
Happy Halloween  
Happy Samhain  
Happy Fall  
and, last, but certainly not least, happy election day.

Chloe Omelchuck, editrix

# SECTION SPEAK

## HAMPSHIRE VS. CENTRAL MAINE

SEPTEMBER 15TH 2018

"Okay guys, first to the ball, we didn't do that last game, so we're going to do it this game." The Black Sheep's Rhino's gathered on the side of the field to put their hands in the middle, "Okay, ready? Black Sheep on three. One, two, three. Black Sheep!"

"We love Hampshire," Emilio Valverde (#1) said quietly as they dispersed, some Rhino's Baa'ing. Emilio took his place on the bench. The game started quickly, and Rhino's telling each other to "Slow down," and "Take it easy," talking on the field, "Who's got Seven? Seven's open." It seemed like a promising start.

Emilio approached Coach Dave, the first new coach Hampshire Soccer has had in ten years.

"Am I going to get to go in?" he asked.

Dave nodded his head, "Yeah, yeah."

"I just want to play," Emilio said when he was sent back to the bench.

Luis Velasco (#7) consoled from beside him,

"It's a long game, dude. You're going to get to play."

The sidelines by the coaches is never a dull moment. Coach Meg spoke to Coach Dave, "They're not talking," then started yelling at her players, "David! Oscar! Talk to each other! Sort it out!" She squinted at someone on the field, bending over, trying to get the coaches attention. "What's the matter with you?" She turned to Coach Dave, "Did he just say ma-hi-ma? What's a ma-hi-ma?"

"That's his special area," Coach Dave informed her.

"Oh my god," Coach Meg exasperated. "His private area? They think I'm their mom or something."

The Rhinos aren't always the most punctual or prepared. When Connor Davis (#18) was called to sub in, he went to the centerline, but then rushed back to the bench removing piercings from his face as fast as possible. "God Connor, you got more jewelry than half the other team," Coach Meg said, she looked on toward the rest of the bench, "Luis, you're on. You know what I want?"

"Marking?" Luis Velasco (#7) said.

"That's right." She turned back to the game, and he pulled his socks down to strap his shin guards on, "Luis, oh my god. Hurry up."

"What? It's hot!" he said, pulling the Velcro around his leg.

But Coach Meg was already yelling at the field again after there was a collision of players because the Rhino's punctuality wasn't the only thing she had to manage. There was a scuffle on the field as Richie Rodriguez-Dell Italia (#6), Connor Davis (#18) and Seth Peaslee (#7 from Central Maine CC) dove for the ball at the same time, smacking into and ricocheting off each other in a great entanglement. "Get the fuck outta here, bro!" Richie shouted as they jogged away from each other.

"Richie!" Coach Meg scolded, and the bench gasped on laughter. Coach Meg continued to scold Richie, "I don't care about number Seven! If another one of you yells at number Seven, we'll all come off and stop playing." She took a moment to let the threat sink in, then went on,

"You get too emotional when you play. They're getting in your head."

Emilio Valverde (#1) got up from the bench again and asked to be put in. Coach Meg wouldn't have it, "Emilio, when people ask me, they usually sit longer." And when Coach Dave spoke up on Emilio's behalf she turned to him, "You're asking Dave too?" she shook her head at Coach Dave, "I know it's tough, but the more they ask the less I want them to play." A little bit later she turned to Oscar Logeais (#3) who was sat on the bench beside Emilio, "Oscar, I want you to watch Luis right now, you're gonna go in, no don't get up. Watch Luis for a minute because he plays outside-mid almost perfectly." Central Maine CC scored. "Yo, guys, space yourself out in the middle more!" Ben Warkov (#12) coached his team from the sidelines. He was dressed in plain clothes, standing barefoot, tossing a soccer ball in his hands, unable to play because he hadn't received his contact lenses in the mail yet. He was always in deep discussions with the coaches, "we clear it to get a break, but then it's a vicious cycle," he explained about the Rhino's urge to kick the ball hard into the sky when it got too close to the goal, which then made it impossible to keep possession.

Taos Washington (#20) subbed off the field, gulping water as he came up to the coaches, "What's happening in the back?" Coach Meg asked him.

"It's the center-mids," Ben said.

Taos seethed, "Because we don't have center-mids."

"Taos," Coach Meg began, trying her best to calm him down, "for the record I think you're doing a great job." But her attention was ripped away as suddenly the ball was headed up field, our goalkeeper Felix Hunt (#25) jumped for it, landing far out in the eighteen, but the ball was sent to the corner and the goal was left wide open. Meg started yelling "Cover goal! Cover goal! Cover goal!" She shook her head, "I

don't know what's different from last game."  
"It's because no one's talking to each other," Taos said, "It's fucking silent out there."

It was just then that the ball was being crossed right in front of Central Maine CC's goal, perfectly placed for Luis Velasco (#7) to kick his leg out and hit the ball straight into the goal, but he used his left foot sending the ball the other way. Luis dropped to the grass, hands on his face as he laid in the goal for ten whole seconds.

"Only at Hampshire," Ben commented, but changed his "Guys try to enjoy yourself more. Have fun and pass, make friends and pass to them."

It was at the peak of the heat, cicadas sang to each other from the tree tops sounding like the noise of sunshine. There was no wind in the balmy temperature, and the field was silent except for the consistent thud of cleats against the soccer ball. The whistle was blown for halftime, and Ben commented, "We didn't get this many shots off in the first half of last game." "We didn't get this many shots in all last year," Coach Meg said.

Vladimir Dubois (#5) walked off the field, "Yo, can we go home?" to which Coach Meg looked at him in disbelief.

"You're Captain!" she yelled.

"It's a joke!" he laughed.

"Take them to the shade," Coach Meg told Coach Dave, who lead the way across the frisbee field to the only shade left under some trees. Most of the team took their time before following, first swarming around the water cooler, complaining, "It sits out in the sun and it's just warm," and "Why are we going so far?" But eventually everyone made their way over and sat in a large circle, at least a foot of space between every player.

They talked one at a time, Taos Washington (#20) advising that "Our midfielders need to drop back," and Yousef Boucet (#24) saying

"When the ball's on one side and there's a throw in, they leave the whole other side open." Coach Meg encouraged them to keep shooting and how happy she was with the amount of shots on goal, but continued, "I don't want to bring up bad memories, but last game we gave them three goals. They only have two goals right now. So let's get one goal and then we'll have two in no time because getting to two goals after getting one goal isn't a far reach." Second half started with a lot more chatter. Coach Meg encouraged the Rhino's "Let's go, pressure right now."

Lou Guevara (#11) spoke up from the bench, "Coach, can I be on the side number Seven's on?"

Coached Meg shushed him, swatting her hand, "No."

"I wanna sweet talk him," Lou smiled.

Coach Meg ignored his comment, yelling, "Emilio, Jack, you guys are too tight. Spread out! There you go." And just as in every game, this was the moment when the ritualistic three header took place, where the ball bounces from one head, to the next all the way down the field, sometimes switching teams, sometimes not, but always in such an uncontrolled fashion that it was impossible to know where it would go. "Lou, go in for Luis, same thing as last time, you run-run-run your butt off," Coach Meg said, placing him on the opposite side of the field from number Seven.

The bench chattering turning to skills they could work on as a team. "Every morning we should be running," someone said.

"You guys can run as much as you want,"

Coach Meg answered. "But I'm not going to take thirty minutes out of practice to run."

"But you should make it mandatory."

Coach Meg shrugged, "I can tell you to do things, but that doesn't mean anyone's going to listen to me—"

Ben interjected into the conversation, "They got a yellow on Seven. He pushed David and got a

yellow card." Coach Meg turned away from the field, making a fist pump in victory.

As David Barr (#17) came off the field, Coach Meg patted him on the back, "I want to thank you for not doing anything back."

David nodded and sat down on the bench, then told a story to his teammates, "Dude, one time in little kid soccer I pushed this kid and he pushed me back, and I fell on the ground and then he kicked me in the head. Yeah, the Ref gave him a red card. I didn't get in trouble at all."

But even with the success of Seven's defeat, the Black Sheep were still losing, "Let's go guys!" Ben shouted from the bench. "This doesn't change how I feel about you!"

Coach Meg glared, "Ben."

"What?"

"That would not motivate me."

"You don't have dark humor?" he asked, but she had already walked away. He started Baa'ing.

She turned back, "Hey stop it, we only Baa when we're winning. We don't Baa when we're losing. The Dino's Baa whenever, but I don't like the Baa'ing, it's embarrassing."

Central Maine CC scored another goal. Any enthusiasm that had existed was dying out. Central Maine CC drove the ball up the field again, their forward running straight after the ball as Felix came out to grab it, wrapping his arms around the ball as the Forward kicked out, catching Felix in the mouth. The Ref's stopped the game to get Felix off the field, David Bar (#17) took up the gauntlet as goal keeper. The players on the field stood around waiting. Allen Pita (#16) was staring at Coach Meg from fifteen feet away. "What do you want? You want some water?" Coach Meg asked.

"Yeah," he nodded.

She threw a water bottle toward him, it landed on the grass by his feet, and warning, "Just don't put your mouth on it, it's mine." He picked

it up and squirted water into his mouth and threw it back before the game started again.

Felix was brought to the trainer under the tent where they found a large cut inside his lip. Coach Meg was over at the trainer to make sure he was alright, but she still had to keep an eye on the field and keep her players in check. When the game started again, Taos got angry at Allen, telling Coach Meg, "No, I told him. I told him to hold the line. He's not listening." "I don't think he's purposely not listening to you," she said. "He probably doesn't know what you mean."

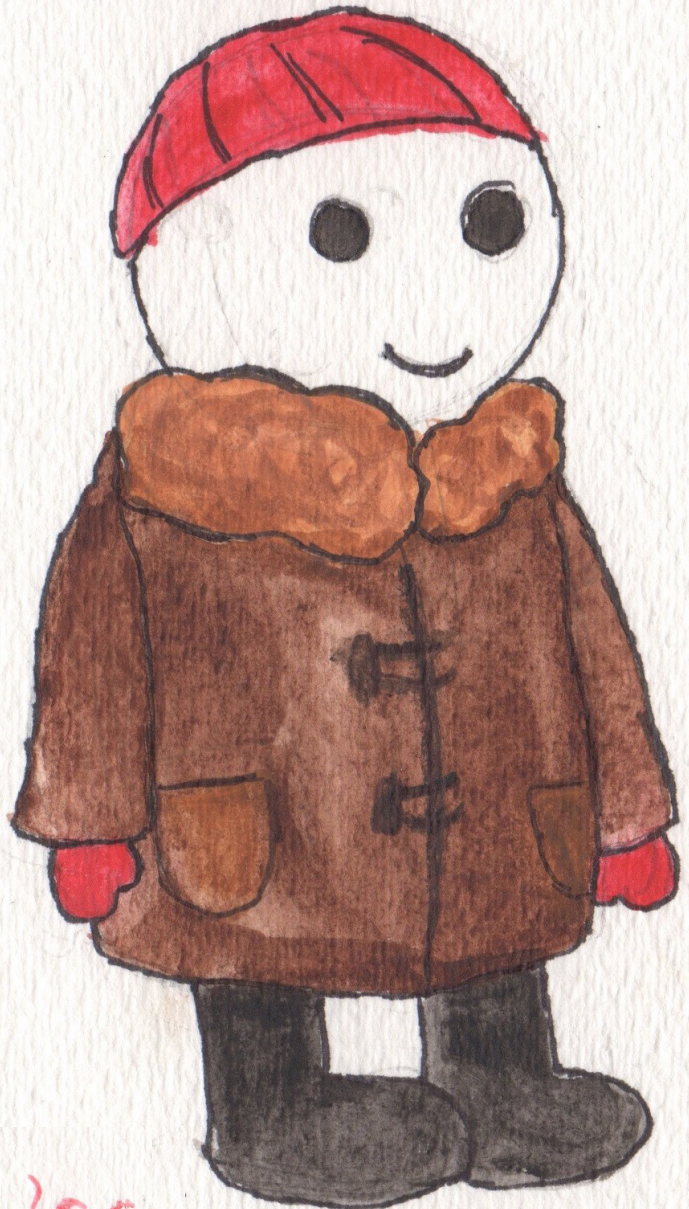
"But we did it at practice," he shook his head, still a little out of breath, but ready to go back into the game after a two-minute break. When Allen came off the field, Coach Meg took him aside, "Can I ask you a question? Are you purposely not listening to Taos?" He shook his head, mumbling, "No, I just couldn't get back in time." "So it was the situation," she said, "There was a disconnect?" He nodded.

The game ended soon after, and Coach Meg was calling for the Rhino's to get on the line to give Central Maine CC high fives, repeating, "Good game, good game, good game." But it wasn't over yet, "On the line again!" Coach Meg yelled, "Keep your shirt on! I know they're wet, keep it on." They started the cool down jog across the field and half way through Coach Meg was going off again, "David! Keep it on!" His shirt was hanging around his neck. They regrouped after the slow jog, "Hey, listen so we can get outta here quickly because I know it's too hot, I don't want to keep you for long. Something I'm going to make mandatory is running on off days as a team." "When are we going to go?" Emilio asked. "I'll have Captains set that up. If you don't have class during that time no excuses. And it'll become very obvious who's not running." She went on, "I don't want to talk about the

game right now because we're in a bad place. But we'll talk about it Tuesday. Okay? See you Tuesday, get outta here. Drink water," and the Black Sheep Rhino's dispersed into the blistering heat, a little perturbed by a second loss.

"His name is chilly communist."

Leah Adele Kaliski



66

## Recommendation Series

by Ida Kao

Hello, dear reader! I'm going to try something, and it may or may not work out well. I'm going to recommend something to you, one recommendation per issue. It's almost always going to be something accessible digitally and for free, but that's not guaranteed. It's typically going to be indie and not attached to an international conglomerate or be widely known, but that's also not guaranteed. While I would like to indulge the hipster in me and say that I have a taste for the obscure but still widely appealing, I doubt my recommendations will be completely unknown to the wider student body. If they are, then they probably don't have that broad of an appeal. So one or sometimes even both of those traits are not guaranteed in my recommendation. That said, read my recommendation! You might like it, you might not.



YouTube Channel: Grandpa Kitchen

This channel has over three million subscribers, but I'll still recommend it to the under 2,000 students at Hampshire College and the under 200 people who actually read The Omen.

The grandpa in the channel name is a silver-haired Indian man whose name does not seem to be known anywhere on the Internet. The unnamed old man (who will be henceforth called "Grandpa") cooks food. Big surprise, right? What's unique is that he cooks giant portions of food that is then packaged into reasonably sized containers and given to orphans for them to enjoy. All of this is filmed, from the cooking in humongous pots and pans to the orphans finishing the food and playing with Grandpa. Unfortunately, vegetarians and vegans will have difficulty using those recipes, since most of them include cheese, eggs, or meat. A Patreon also exists for those who want to actively support the channel, but simply watching the videos generates ad revenue, which the Grandpa Kitchen channel says is being used towards providing other basic necessities for the orphans seen in the video. Pure wholesomeness alongside a recipe narrated by Grandpa. He does have a limited grasp of English, but captions are provided.

# New Name for a New Trade Deal: But is the USMCA an Improvement on NAFTA?

By Simon Fields

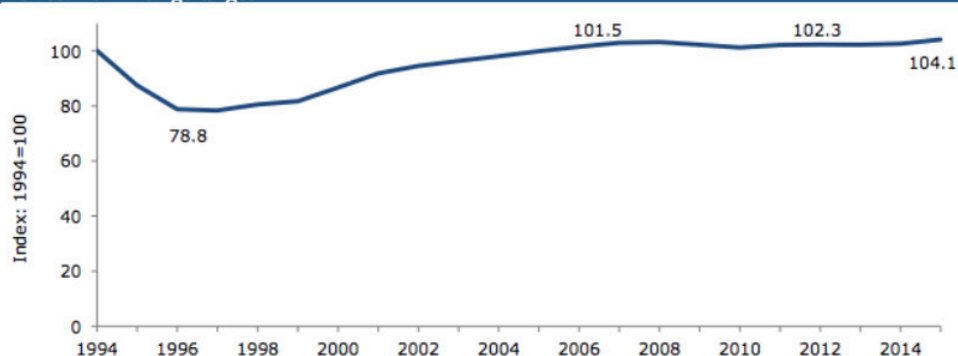
The last couple of weeks have drawn attention to the fiery Ford-Kavanaugh Hearings, which the politicians on campus and throughout the country have sliced and diced six ways to Sunday. Decisions regarding who sits in the Supreme Court have ramifications (some that are foreseeable, and some that aren't) that last decades. So do international trade agreements. In the midst of this searing human drama, the completed renegotiation of NAFTA went by almost unnoticed.

Trade is one of the few (indeed, one of the very few) issues where a number of progressives find common ground with Trump. Bernie Sanders, Elizabeth Warren, Sherrod Brown and Donald Trump all agree that NAFTA has been a harmful trade deal. The devil is in the details, and unfortunately, even on trade, Trump's alternative to free-trade orthodoxy may be an elaborate flag waving session. In fact, his plan was originally to rename the agreement NAFFTA: the North American Fair Free Trade Agreement. Fair free trade is something of an oxymoron, and it all probably sounded too similar to the widely derided NAFTA. Trump's sovereignty fetish may have also played a role in the selection of the final name, which really takes on the globalists by referring to nation-states rather than North America. But to what extent is the USMCA actually better than NAFTA? This isn't merely an idle question: workers, students, environmental, consumer and labor activists can pool voices and demand trade agreements that reflects the public interest. My fear is that this new agreement looks just good enough to get ratified with support from the left even though it may not be enough of an improvement to rectify the problems with NAFTA.

Let's just be clear about this: NAFTA has had a corrosive effect, and not only in the United States. Negotiated in secret, the agreement didn't only harm American workers. That having been said, within the United States, roughly 840,000 Americans lost their jobs due to the agreement, according to reports from Public Citizen and the Economic Policy Institute (1). In Mexico, roughly two million farmers were displaced by competition from subsidized US food exports. Some displaced internal migrants were able to find work in the export oriented Maquiladoras, but the real value of their wages went into decline.

FIGURE 7

Mexico: Real Average Wages



Source and notes: ECLAC (2014, 2016a). 1994=100

9 These are wages of formal sector workers contributing to the Mexican Social Security Institute (Instituto Mexicano del Seguro Social).  
10 ECLAC (2016d).

The graph on page 8 from the Center for Economic Policy Research (2) shows a sharp decline in Mexican real wages during those early NAFTA years, followed by a period of adjustment.

David Bacon's work puts this in even more troubling light. He found that in 1975, the average Mexican worker made 23% as much as the average American worker, and by 2002, the average Mexican worker was making less than 12% of her American counterpart (3).

In a highly competitive globalized economy, such massive differences across borders wind up hurting workers in both countries. American workers dealt with mass layoffs, and reduced bargaining power; Mexican workers dealt with displacement, reduced bargaining power and wage cuts. NAFTA integrated North American economies in ways that only further exacerbated inequality within and between member states.

One standard, the wrong standard for looking at a NAFTA replacement, is to say that this means that the bar is so low that anything else must be better. In a narrow sense this is true, and in some respects the new agreement is better than the old one. Another way to look at it is, if NAFTA had so many negative effects, how much better will it's revision have to be to rectify these problems?

#### A Closer look at the revised deal

The Labor section of the USMCA and the NAFTA Side Agreement have many identical sections, though there are also several key changes. Some of the changes are for the better, and some aren't. For example, the fact that the section on labor is written into the main agreement is an improvement. The protections for workers may carry more weight since they are actually part of the deal, rather than the afterthought they became in the transition between Bush Sr. and Clinton. On the other hand, the USMCA's definition of labor laws protected by the agreement is narrower than NAFTA's definition. The more expansive NAFTA definition includes 11 key rights (4), under the USMCA, labor laws are defined more narrowly, and include only five key rights (5). The rights of migrant

workers are not included in the definition; later in the USMCA migrant worker rights do come up. However, while migrant workers were guaranteed equal protection from labor laws under NAFTA, in USMCA "each party shall ensure that migrant workers are protected under its labor laws" -- which sounds decent, though the word "equally" has been excised from the old agreement. Then again the words "equal protection with respect to labor law" were probably never fully enforced for non-nationals.

While the main definition of workers' rights is less comprehensive, other areas contain improvements. The definition of gender based discrimination in the workplace is much more comprehensive in USMCA than it was in NAFTA:

"(i) elimination of discrimination on the basis of sex in respect of employment, occupation and wages;

(ii) developing analytical and enforcement tools related to equal pay for equal work or work of equal value;

(iii) promotion of labor practices that integrate and retain women in the job market, and building the capacity and skills of women workers, including on workplace challenges and in collective bargaining;

(iv) consideration of gender issues related to occupational safety and health and other workplace practices, including advancement of child care, nursing mothers, and related policies and programs, and in the prevention of occupational injuries and illnesses; and

(v) prevention of gender-based workplace violence and harassment." This may be the first of many key policy victories for the #Metoo Movement.

Other positive provisions of the USMCA include rules of origin that guarantee that 40% of the parts going into North American automobile production are produced by workers making at least \$16 an hour. This is often discussed as a policy that would shift more automobile production to the US and away from Mexico; that will be one of the initial effects of this. Nevertheless, this measure might even incentivize higher wages for workers in the

Mexican automotive industry. The catch is that this will go into effect in 2023, the \$16 an hour requirement won't be indexed to inflation, and won't have the same kind of purchasing power that it does now.

There is one other important improvement. Mexico agreed to pass legislation prior to signing the USMCA that, it seems, would protect Mexican workers from shadow unions. Shadow unions are "unions" that are actually controlled by employers. They are called shadow unions, in part, because many workers don't even know that the shadow unions represent them. Moreover, ever since the 1940s many union elections in Mexico have not been by secret ballot, and since the votes of workers are often known to employers, it is easier for employers to intimidate employees into electing the same "union leaders" that are on the company payroll. The legislation that Mexico is required to pass by January 2019 would change this, and mandate union elections by secret ballot.

Nevertheless, there is a myth percolating in Vox and New York Times coverage that the new agreement will have better enforcement mechanisms on labor issues than NAFTA. Under the NAFTA Side Agreement, each country would enforce its own labor laws by:

- a) appointing and training inspectors
- (b) monitoring compliance and investigating suspected violations, including through on-site inspections;
- (c) seeking assurances of voluntary compliance;
- (d) requiring record keeping and reporting;
- (e) encouraging the establishment of worker-management committees to address labor regulation of the workplace;
- (f) providing or encouraging mediation, conciliation and arbitration services; or
- (g) initiating, in a timely manner, proceedings to seek appropriate sanctions or remedies for violations of its labor law.

Under the USMCA, each country would enforce its own labor laws by:

- (a) appointing and training inspectors;
- (b) monitoring compliance and investigating suspected violations, including through unannounced on-site

- inspections, and giving due consideration to requests to investigate an alleged violation of that Party's labor laws;
- (c) seeking assurances of voluntary compliance;
- (d) requiring record keeping and reporting;
- (e) encouraging the establishment of worker-management committees to address labor regulation of the workplace;
- (f) providing or encouraging mediation, conciliation and arbitration services;
- (g) initiating, in a timely manner, proceedings to seek appropriate sanctions or remedies for violations of its labor laws; and (the one improvement in enforcement)
- (h) implementing remedies and sanctions imposed, including timely collection of fines and reinstatement of workers.

Both the NAFTA Side Agreement and the USMCA say, "Nothing in this Agreement shall be construed to empower a Party's authorities to undertake labor law enforcement activities in the territory of another Party." Which makes sense to some extent. No sovereign state would want another state enforcing labor law within its borders. Nevertheless, the idea of having labor protections in an international trade agreement is that trade is linked to labor. Preventing a downwards spiral in workplace standards and working class living conditions requires strong labor provisions in such agreements. The last agreement was very harmful for workers, and for the slightly improved language to actually lead to an improvement in the lives of working people, enforcement will need to be stronger. If anything, rather than leaving enforcement to any of the member states, enforcement of USMCA Labor rights should be carried out by the ILO (the International Labor Organization). ILO inspections would have sharper teeth than inspections carried out by the Trump Administration (an administration which has already taken several steps to undermine workers rights in the US) (6). When President Trump isn't dealing with workers' rights in a trade context, he issues Executive Orders weakening overtime, appoints union busters to key positions, and considers merging the Labor Department with the Department of Education (cutting the budget of each). Though there are many unconventional aspects of the Trump Presidency, this isn't unconventional at all, and any party to the USMCA may have union busters rise to

prominence. When governments turn on working people, they may cut funding on enforcement.

One last point on the supposedly better enforcement in this agreement: although Vox's article notes that disputes between Mexico, Canada and the United States on trade related labor law enforcement can be taken to an arbitration panel, this isn't unique to USMCA. In fact, the NAFTA side agreement already includes an arbitration panel for workers' rights issues. Unless I'm misunderstanding this, arbitration under NAFTA has been a very ineffective mechanism.

We're in a unique moment. The somewhat protectionist instincts of the Trump Administration combined with the somewhat progressive instincts of the Trudeau Ministry to produce an agreement that's slightly better for workers than NAFTA. A left-populist Manuel Lopez Obrador is set to assume power in Mexico days his predecessor signs the agreement. After the signing ceremony the public will finally get its say as the Canadian Parliament, US Congress, and Mexican Congress debate over ratification. This will be our moment to insist upon a truly new agreement, negotiated in public and with the input of labor unions, environmental groups, consumer rights groups, and civil society writ large. If a progressive Trudeau and a (somewhat) protectionist Trump could craft a slightly better agreement than NAFTA (in a secretive negotiating environment) imagine what we could achieve in a public process with Lopez Obrador at the table: a trade agreement that actually rectifies the legacy of NAFTA. A trade agreement that promotes a new kind of globalization, one that is neither dominated by profit seeking corporations or inwards looking nationalists; a globalization that is truly democratic, a globalization driven by working people.

For more information on the USMCA, stay tuned for my next article which may be about one of the following subjects: how the USMCA affects Wall Street, Pharmaceutical Companies, IP protections, and Agriculture. Not sure which...

Also, regardless of whether you agree with my conclusions or not, contact your Congressperson. Elections are coming up, your input could have an effect. Incidentally,

the biggest party in the US isn't the Democratic Party, it isn't the Republican Party, it's the nonvoting party. The nonvoting party happens to be poorer, younger and more diverse than the voting public. Get involved!

I'm an anarchist and I still vote. Come on!

**The ending to my intro is really fucking weak.**

# The End.

1) <https://www.citizen.org/sites/default/files/nafta-at-20.pdf>

2) <http://cepr.net/images/stories/reports/nafta-mexico-update-2017-03.pdf?v=2>

3) <https://www.peoplesworld.org/article/nafta-forced-millions-out-of-mexico-and-into-the-u-s/>

4) Freedom of association, collective bargaining, the right to strike, prohibition of forced labor, labor protections for children, minimum wage/employment standards, elimination of discrimination, equal pay for women and men, workplace safety, compensation for work-related accidents, protection of migrant workers.

5) (a) Freedom of association and collective bargaining, (b)elimination of forced and compulsory labor, (c) effective abolition of child labor, (d) the elimination of discrimination and (e) acceptable conditions of work with respect to minimum wages, hours of work, occupational safety and health. The right to strike, though not listed on its own, is included in a footnote to freedom of association.

6) [https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/posteverything/wp/2017/08/30/the-trump-administrations-ongoing-attack-on-workers/?utm\\_term=.d7496e93d2a5](https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/posteverything/wp/2017/08/30/the-trump-administrations-ongoing-attack-on-workers/?utm_term=.d7496e93d2a5)

# Why Hampshire Insurance Needs to cover Electrolysis

By Ianka Mitchell

Hampshire campus is an environment which strives to be actively inclusive and responsive to the needs of marginalized students. Many people want to assist others in getting trans related health care in a safe and dignified way. However, many people are also ignorant as to the ways insurance coverage can affect what a person has reasonable access too. Currently, our school insurance does not cover electrolysis for transition or gender related reasons.

Electrolysis is the process of damaging hair follicles to the point where hair ceases to grow. It is viewed as a more permanent treatment than laser hair removal, however it is known to take longer and is described as being far more painful than laser. It is also possible to have laser hair removal to reduce hair and then finished the removal process with electrolysis. (It is also possible to only pursue laser hair removal.)

These processes allow for people who have had facial hair to be rid of it. For many people, daily removal of facial hair is needed to minimize the threat of violence or manage dysphoria.\* The ability to remove facial hair daily relies upon the ability to access water and a private space. A person experiencing short term or long term homelessness may not have such access. Nor would a person experiencing a water shortage or similar concern. For a person in risk of homelessness, minimizing their risk of violence is vital. Electrolysis can serve as a long lasting intervention that makes a person more able to survive crisis situations.

The effects of electrolysis or laser can help a person be read as their target gender in a way that other interventions may not. In some

cases, a person may not desire hormones but may desire electrolysis/laser. Some people may be unable to or wary of starting hormone replacement therapy due to a variety of concerns. It should be noted that the two treatments are not fundamentally opposed. Having an estrogen dominant hormonal system does weaken the roots of facial hair and can help make hair removal treatments easier. There are also people who have estrogen dominant systems who are not on HRT but are marginalized by the presence of facial hair. Hormonal treatments for such people may cause more problems than they solve.

Electrolysis and laser treatment pose a real financial burden to those have the need to undergo them. They are often a key part of transition or of minimizing one's marginalization. Covering these treatments under Hampshire insurance would offer more freedom and financial security to those affected by violent gender norms or dysphoria.

\*Term for discomfort and intense distress. Often used to refer to gender related concerns in GLBT contexts.



“This US political sign was seized by police in Hamilton, TX. The creator, Marion Stanford, was threatened with arrest for putting this in her front yard.”  
<https://imgur.com/pgkZrDO>

## STAY ANGRY

BY IDA KAO

Senator Susan Collins made clear in her announcement to support Kavanaugh that she cares about civility. About getting past the partisan circus of Kavanaugh’s confirmation hearing. About respecting the wishes of the president and voting in favor of his pick for the Supreme Court. About maintaining the dignity of the upper chamber from a past era. But why care for civility? Why care about respecting the wishes of a petty, vindictive president and voting in favor of a “hysterical” (in the words of Nancy Pelosi), political, and unprofessional judge that repeatedly lied to senators under oath, leaving the country with a sexual assaulter on the nation’s highest court?

Susan Collins seems hung up on civility as a value that possesses inherent worth-- something to respect because it is important in itself. The problem with civility arises in two places: firstly, when civility is maintained in a way that props up inequality and injustice. Second is when there is a marked lack of reciprocal civility from the president. Allowing a living Cheeto to run amok and do as he pleases is not civility; it is hiding behind a false pretense in order to please a radicalized base while issuing a flimsy reassurance to those within the #MeToo movement. Trump is not exempt from hypocrisy either. In fact, his willingness to warp the truth sounds remarkably like a propaganda technique used by the Russians. The “firehose of falsehoods” involves stating falsehoods repeatedly and in quick succession, broadcast through multiple channels, as a means of overwhelming and often entertaining the audience. The more emotionally charged the more easily they are spread and remembered, even if it isn’t true. Then, even easily fact checked lies quickly become convincing,

despite the lack of consistency with each other as well as reality itself. Even if those lies are fact checked, the repeated exposure makes it incredibly difficult for the audience to remember if it was true or simply a lie that was repeated frequently enough to stick around in their brains.

For Trump supporters, that is. For the ones who eagerly lap up the stream of lies. For the rest of us-- the sane ones, the ones who know that Trump spouts bullshit, the firehose of falsehoods makes us tired. Watching Susan Collins put Kavanaugh on the bench makes us tired, too, because that means we’ve lost the battle. It makes all of us want to just stop being so damn angry all the time and forget about politics. It’s easy to get caught up in schoolwork and feel cocooned by the liberal bubble that is Amherst. To take comfort in knowing that every single federal senator and congressperson in Massachusetts is a Democrat, with Elizabeth Warren as the darling of the progressive left. And with the electoral map the way it is, your vote really doesn’t matter; it’ll always turn up blue, right? Except when your home state is Virginia and neo-Nazi Corey Steward is challenging Tim Kaine for his Senate seat. Except when you live in perennial swing states like Ohio or New Hampshire. Except when Georgia’s Secretary of State and Republican gubernatorial candidate is suppressing thousands of mostly black voter registration applications in a state election that is decided by mere hundreds. If Kellyanne Conway calls for civility from the left and fearmongering political ads try to paint Democratic voters as a furious mob, then perhaps those negative portrayals should be lived up to.

Stay angry. Vote.

# SECTION LIES

## *A Californian in Massachusetts*

BY SIMON FIELDS

As a Californian in Massachusetts, kitschy though this sounds, Autumnal New England is the timely setting when it becomes impossible not to marvel at all of the particular features and customs of Yankeedom. In honor of this most bountiful season of harvest, and in honor of my adopted home, I'll deliver you a mishmash of properly attributed excerpts from the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry David Thoreau, poorly and inappropriately interwoven with my own true and fictitious rambles.. Without further ado...

"At the close of the services, the people hurried out with indecorous confusion, eager to communicate their pent-up amazement, and conscious of lighter spirits the moment they lost sight of the black veil." (Hawthorne, MBV)

My earliest memories of New England involve visits to my wandering cousins. I visited them in Boston for the first time in 2000. This also happens to be my earliest memory of meeting them, as I was five at the time and only two when I saw them in Israel. We played air hockey pretty shortly after making introductions, and from that time on, I liked them all so much that I always felt slightly annoyed at the transcontinental distance that separated us for most of the year. But before the gulf in space reopened, one of my cousins accompanied us at Walden Pond.

It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long and a mile and three quarters in circumference, and contains about sixty-one and a half acres; a perennial spring in the midst of

pine and oak woods, without any visible inlet or outlet except by the clouds and evaporation.

Then we drove to Maine; we went whale watching (where I believe my toddler brother got sick) and lobstering (though I think my dad and I caught a crab and not a lobster. Cruel I know, but it was also delicious). The place we stayed at was in some Bay or another, and a Jellyfish turned up dead, washed ashore. Benji asking our parents to reread the story of the mouse who loved strawberries.

I excitedly watched VHS movies that I had only seen previews for: Madeline and The Brave Little Toaster chief amongst them. Ah, the good old days..

"But the strangest part of the affair is the effect of this vagary, even on a sober-minded man like myself. The black veil, though it covers only our pastor's face, throws its influence over his whole person, and makes him ghostlike from head to foot. Do you not feel it so?" (Hawthorne, MBV).

Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Plantation 2002. Reenactors worth their salt to seven year old me, and eating plenty of salt while they reloaded their blunderbusses for our amusement (and a little Wampanoag village for token inclusion, and not a word that I recall about the Pequots, or King Phillip's War later in the Century, though perhaps this was only because I don't remember their mentioning this. In the museum, I do remember my parents telling me that Europeans had ruined everything...)

"Well said, Goodman Brown! I have been as well acquainted with your family as with ever a one among the Puritans; and that's no trifle to say... And it was I that brought your father a pitch-pine knot, kindled at my own hearth, to set fire to an Indian village, in King Philip's war." (Nathaniel Hawthorne, YGB).

2003 Hikes along the Freedom Trail to the grave of Benjamin Franklin's parents, Old North Church, the Colonial Legislature (the site of the Boston Massacre right beside it) and the house of Paul Revere; my first taste of scallops while my Uncle ate something Kosher. Learning about child sailors while aboard the U.S.S. Constitution. Founding Father picture books and pieces of fake parchment denoting shillings, pounds, the Declaration of Independence, etc. Sadness at leaving the land of Bostonian history lore, and my mother mentioning that she'd often

heard that people on the East Coast are better read than people back West, mentioning this as we walked along one of those human conveyor belts speeding us through Boston Logan Airport, as I looked excitedly through one of the picture books about Ben Franklin or John Hancock, relieved that I didn't lose the book (either I lost a different book, or the picture book I was looking through was the one I had briefly lost before finding again).

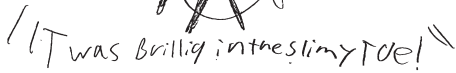
Apple cider clam chowder boot buckles powdered wigs steeples rocky coasts chilly waters shells woods farmland actual seasons but not quite as cold as Chicago

The real ending of this story is more poorly written than everything above. Does that mean that this is the real ending? You decide.

The End

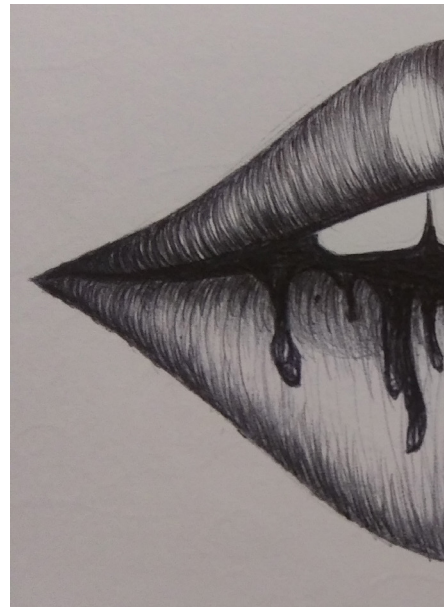


submitted by Will Newhall



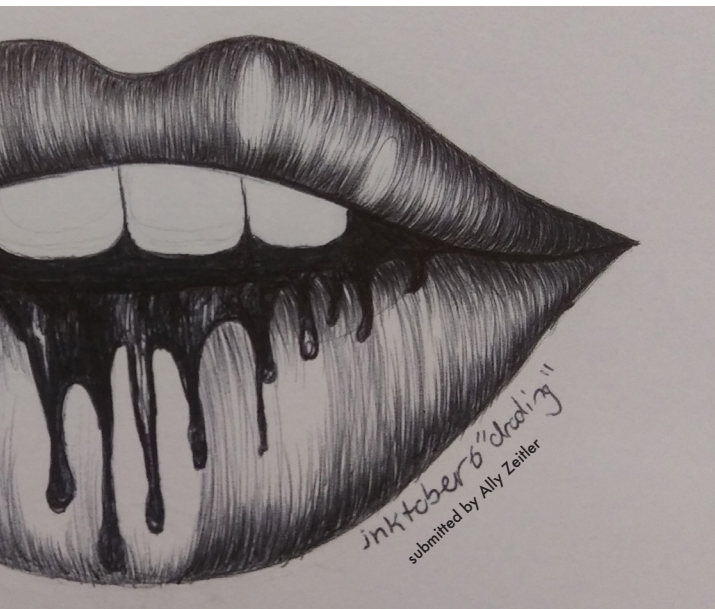
submitted by Will Newhall

# ETHAN MICHAEL



[illegible]

# MCGILL CRAIN



Don't Tell God that I'm an Atheist  
submitted by Will Newhall



Ally ♥



ELVIDILLO  
WITHOUT  
EARS ~ ~

Ken Kao  
10/4/18

## **ANALYZING MUPPETS TREASURE ISLAND**

**BY SIMON FIELDS**

Once upon a time, a couple of years ago, I was watching an old childhood favorite, Muppets' Treasure Island. I started vexing myself as I overanalyzed the movie, and it got a bit unbearable. In retrospect, since I no longer believe any of the insights which I thought I was finding, and since I can once again enjoy that venerable film, I can write them for you. If you haven't seen Muppets Treasure Island: Spoiler alert. If you have, likewise (unless you do the wise thing and don't believe a word of what follows, with the possible exception of the very last two lines...)

That moment when...

Muppets Treasure Island teaches children the power of empathy

First Mate: He's tortured by inner demons, the likes of which mere mortals cannot fathom.

Gonzo: He's got demons? Cool.

Muppets Treasure Island teaches children to be anti-welfare

Long John Silver: Which entitles you to all of the benefits thereof.

Jim Hawkins: But I don't want any benefits.

Muppets Treasure Island teaches children to be Marxist

Long John Silver: Tell the truth lad: do you really think that the Captain and the Squire are really planning to share the treasure with the likes of us? No? And we being the rightful owners. Flint's own crew, who shed our blood getting it here...

Crew: Hey ho ho, it's one for all for one

Muppets Treasure Island teaches children to be moral relativists

Long John Silver: Now take Sir Francis Drake, the Spanish despise him, but to the British he's a hero and they idolize him. It's how you look at Buccaneers that makes us bad or good and I see us as members of a noble brotherhood!

Muppets Treasure Island teaches children the power of self-help and by extension creates complacency about socio economic political conditions:

Jim Hawkins: There's gotta be something better, something better, there's gotta be something better than this for me.

Muppets Treasure Island teaches children the pitfalls of critical social inquiry in a liberal arts college

**I WANNA HOLD'EM LIKE THEY DO AT  
HAMPSHIRE, PLEASE**



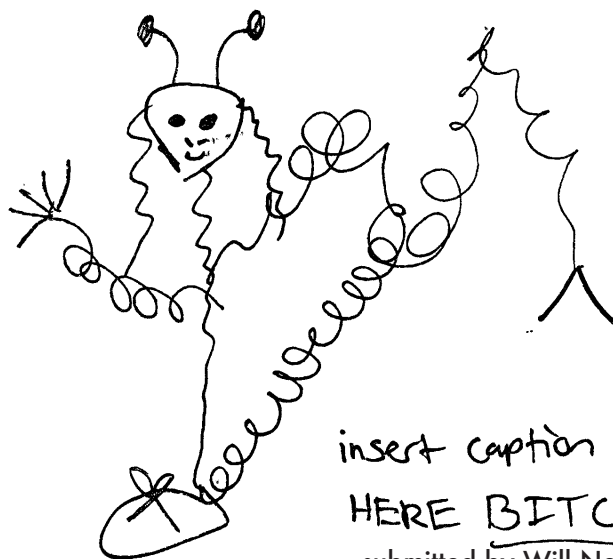
**MIM, MIM, MIM, MIM**



^ Submitted by JGardz



***Which one is the evil twin?***



insert caption

**HERE BITCHES**

submitted by Will Newhall

~~Ideal~~  
~~With~~ Quotes:

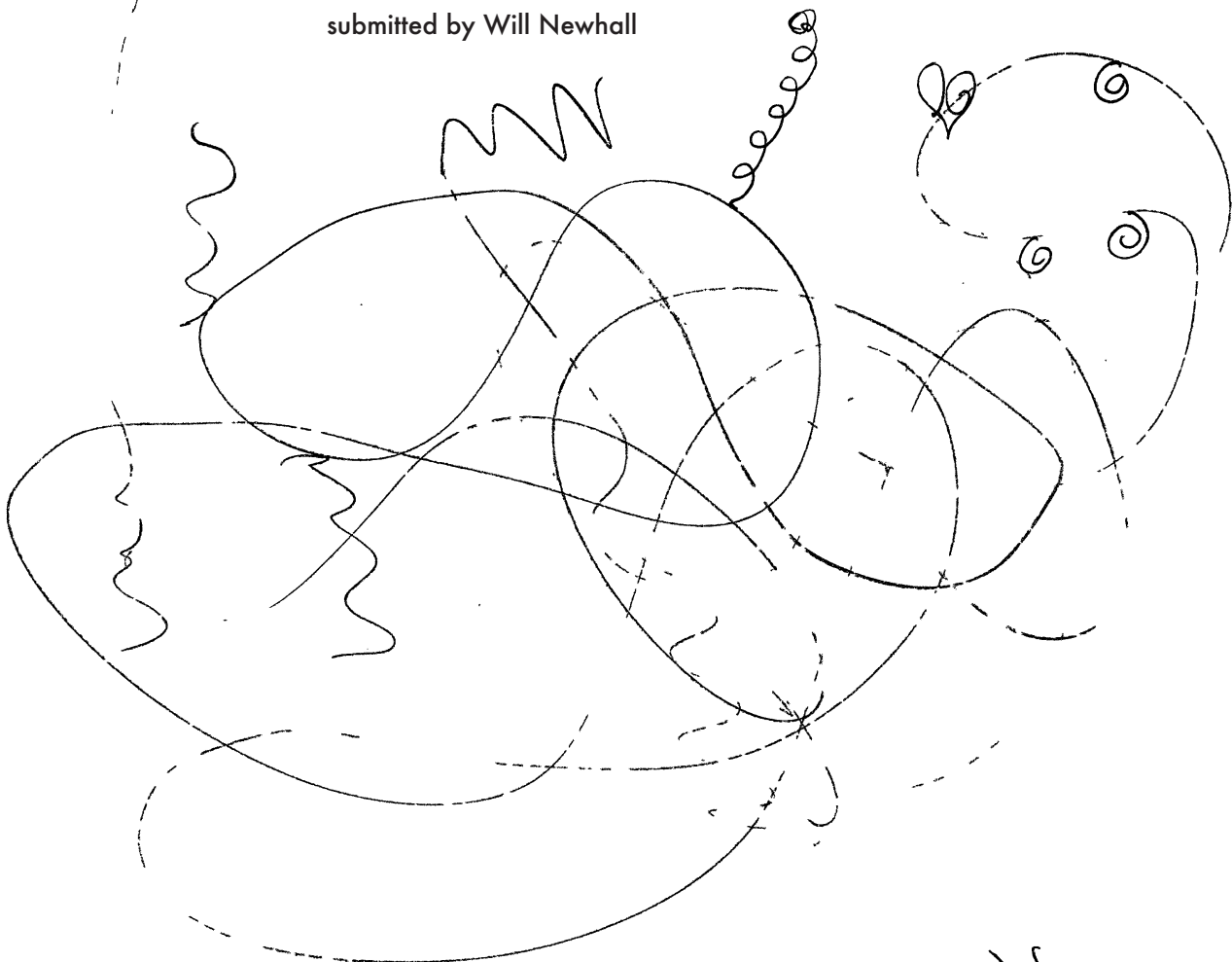
// "Editrix sound like dominatrix!"

// "I hold free food meetings!"

// "I went to her house every year!"

// "I spoke to Siri and Siri called  
Marriott hotel!"

submitted by Will Newhall



// "when a cat er ill or makes love to a pig"

A gander at the style of French chanson de geste. The criteria for the form is as follows:

### 1. Syllables

- Each line is heavily end-stopped. (A complete sentence ending in a period.)
- Each line has ten (10) syllables.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
Listen, my lords, - what affliction is ours!

- Each line is divided in two by a caesura (space), usually falling after the **4th syllable** (or occasionally the 6th).

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
Wise men of wit - give counsel to me now.

### 2. Stress

- There are at least 4 stressed words in each line.

One stress falls on the **final syllable of the line**.  
Listen, my lords, - what affliction is **ours**!

One stress falls on the syllable **immediately before the caesura**.  
Listen, my **lords** , - what affliction is ours!

Of the remaining stressed syllables – **one falls before** the caesura and **one or more after**.  
**Listen**, my lords, - what **affliction** is ours!

- Not Acceptable:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
Count Roland **and** Count **Oliver** are there.

Why?

The form requires that either the **4th** or **6th** syllable should be stressed and followed by the caesura. But the 4th syllable is a conjunction (unstressed) and the 6th is in the middle of a word.

### 3. Assonance

- Lines are grouped into stanzas (Laises) of irregular length.
- The final syllable in each line of the Laisse is Assonanced.  
Assonance = Having the same vowel-sound, but no regard is paid to the following consonants.  
(Charlemagne, Spain, main, face, break, place, name, prays, awaits)

Full rhymes will often occur, but are not required. (Spain/main or Face/Place)

**DEEP IN THE FOREST DWELLS  
HIS DARK SKIN IS  
ADULTS ENJOY COMFORT  
HE WON'T LIVE NEAR  
DESPITE HIS NAME  
NEAR THE POOLS IS**

**THE GOOD WOOD FROG.  
UNIQUE AMONG ALL FROGS.  
IN POOLS AND BOGS.  
DESERT OR SYNAGOGUE.  
HE WON'T LIVE NEAR A LOG.  
WHERE HE'LL RAISE POLLYWOGS.**

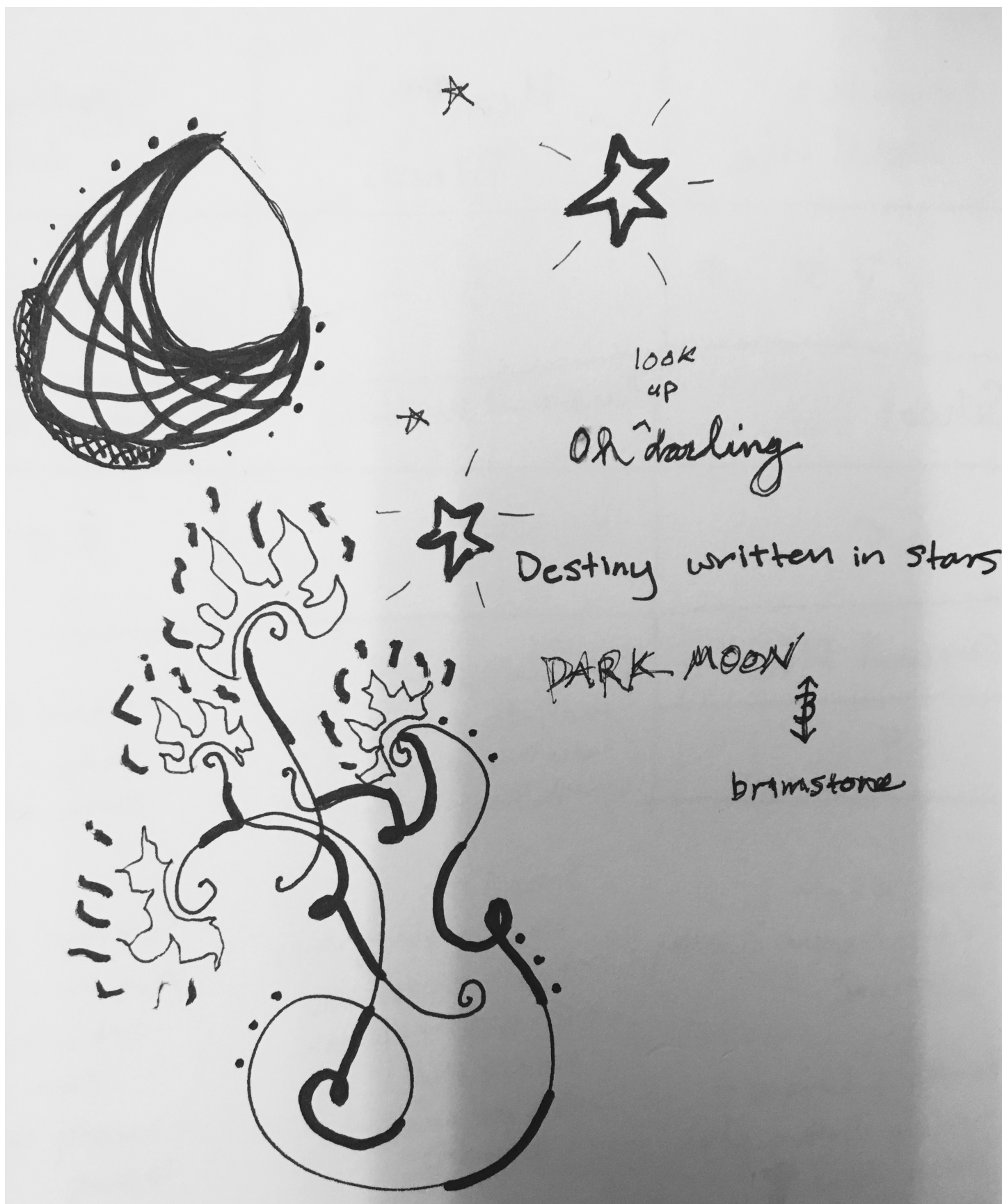
**FOR NEW YORK, HE  
HE IS SPEEDIER THAN  
SAY HI IF YOU  
IN THE GRAND SCHEME,**

**MAY BE A PROUD STATE FROG.  
ANY LEAPFROG.  
CAN THE NEXT TIME YOU JOG.  
HE IS MORE THAN A COG.**



*This lesson in poetry  
was submitted for you by  
Cameron McReynolds*

submission haiku created by Chloe Omelchuck



^submitted by Sierra Caras

// The Incomplete and Poorly  
written Poem //

// Was brilliant and the slight waves  
Did give and quibble in the wave  
All minsy were the borogoves,  
and the more nathoutgrace //



OK  
Dumb  
as a  
door!



// Beware the Tabberwock, my son!

the Taws that bite, the claws that  
catch!

Beware the Tub Tub bind and shun  
The Frumious Bandersnatch //

// He took his vorpal sword in hand  
Long time the manxome foe he  
sought -

) So rested he by the Tumtum tree  
And stood awhile in thought //



// And, as in Uffish thought the story //

The Tabberwock, with eyes of flame

// Came whiffing through the turgid wood //

// And bubbled as it came!

Over Two ET Two ET through  
ET through

The vorpal blade went snicker  
snack! with its head  
he left it dead and went  
galumphing back //

// And hast thou slain the  
Tabberwock, my son?  
Comes to my arms  
my beamish boy! //

submitted by Will Newhall

# Chapter 2: Before the Beginning

by Simon Fields

You may think that the main victim of Sir Harry's daring peacock theft was not really the London Zoo, or even the peacock. Afterall, once the excitement subsided the peacock didn't lose a single feather to the milliner, and the Zoo retained the bird (1). Yet there was an unintended victim, poor Mark the glassblower, nearly sent to gaol on Constable Rudd's noble watch; a magistrate probably would've kept Mark there after hearing the Constable's unimpeachable testimony (if the sages didn't interfere).

While this is all true, in fairness to young Sir Harry, he never intended for Mark to take the fall, in this instance. Nor could he have, unaware as he was that a twin of his even existed, or that the true sole child of Tom and Nellie Galton was really Natalie Spencer. Moreover, there had been another instance, four years prior, when Harry was the one having an unpleasant time, and when Mark had helped to make it grislier.

It all began serenely enough. On Sunday, June 24th, 1855 Sir Harry's — pardon, then he was merely young Master Harry, well his family went out for a spin through Hyde Park, in their open landau carriage. They couldn't have chosen a worse day for this pleasant activity if they were determined to have a rotten time. Yet at first, this wasn't apparent. To the Galtons, it probably seemed like an ordinary day at Hyde Park. The Galton family's carriage was a landau painted black and yellow, with an open convertible roof, the horse drawn 1850s version of a Cadillac. In the swing of "the season", a number of eminent Londoners pass each other on horseback and in landaus, displaying their clothing, their horses, carriages, coachmen, footmen, time, and sundry other marks of prestige. As young Harry looked out at the verdant leafy park, the bucolic scene seemed slightly amiss. Harry couldn't put his finger on the problem. He could hear a distant din of unintelligible noise, coming closer and closer. The noise was getting easier to decipher, as a motley rabble of park goers who don't usually go to the park appear to be running towards the row of carriages. What could they possibly be doing here?

Mark knew precisely what he was doing in the mob of motley park-goers. Parliament was considering a Sunday Trading Bill, which would've closed shops on Sundays. To working Londoners who got paid late on Saturday night, Sunday was the only day available for shopping or more generally speaking, for leisure.

Mark first learned about the planned Hyde Park demonstration in the midst of his apprenticeship at the Falcon Glass Works, in Blackfriars, London. From the get-go, let us try to fathom the conditions in the room where

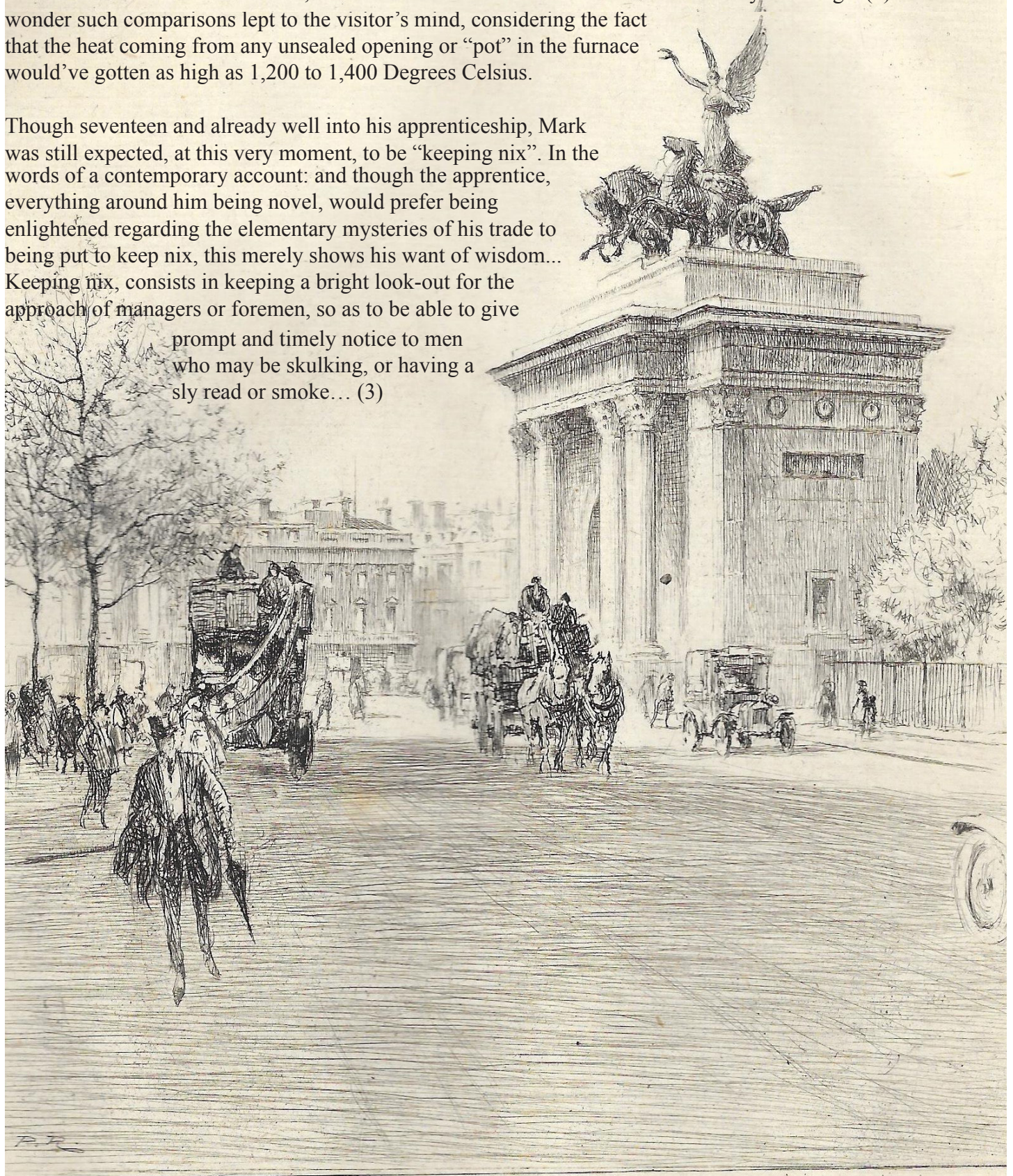
he learned of this. Deep down in the Glass Works building, below splendid rooms full of beautiful glass artistry is the room where Mark worked. In an allusion to *Paradise Lost*, one contemporary visitor to the very same Falcon Glass Works where Mark was employed wrote that the descent to this



[http://www.bostonherald.com/entertainment/celebrity\\_news/2018/05/meghan\\_and\\_harry\\_choose\\_horse\\_drawn\\_carriage\\_for\\_wedding\\_day](http://www.bostonherald.com/entertainment/celebrity_news/2018/05/meghan_and_harry_choose_horse_drawn_carriage_for_wedding_day)

room was one that would have served "Milton for a path to Pandemonium." The laboratory itself, to the visitor, seemed like the base of a volcano, "a Stromboli rather than a Vesuvius for it is always burning." (2) And it's no wonder such comparisons leapt to the visitor's mind, considering the fact that the heat coming from any unsealed opening or "pot" in the furnace would've gotten as high as 1,200 to 1,400 Degrees Celsius.

Though seventeen and already well into his apprenticeship, Mark was still expected, at this very moment, to be "keeping nix". In the words of a contemporary account: and though the apprentice, everything around him being novel, would prefer being enlightened regarding the elementary mysteries of his trade to being put to keep nix, this merely shows his want of wisdom... Keeping nix, consists in keeping a bright look-out for the approach of managers or foremen, so as to be able to give prompt and timely notice to men who may be skulking, or having a sly read or smoke... (3)



Mark was standing at his informal lookout post, and he heard the

distinctive sound of the foreman's boot clattering down the staircase.

It was still only a sound, out of sight, a distance away. Turning and sprinting with great acuity, Mark ran towards Elias, the journeyman who most usually trained him. "Coming?"

"Coming. And," Mark raised the volume of his voice, "My my, how busy everyone is." The very sound of Mark's frantic running set almost every skulker back to work, and Hank, who was in a London Times trance picked up on the sardonic hint about how busy he was. He folded his paper five times, thinking how eager he was to finish reading William Howard Russell's latest Crimean War dispatch. He tucked it into his shirt, and hastily stood up, grabbed his blowing iron, and pretended that he knew precisely what he was doing with the molten lump of burning sand, at the end of the iron. The foreman's steps were much louder by then, but they still sounded as if they were fifteen seconds away from the furnace room. Hank began rolling the molten bubble of sand, alkali and lead at the end of the iron against the surface of a bench. By the time that the foreman appeared, Hank looked industrious, as did everyone else. By the time that the foreman left, Elias beamed at Mark and said, "You've done us right again. You always was good at keeping nix. Important, having a good nix keeper. Oh I would leave it to young Jack, but he bugged it up last time. I trust your pair of eyes much better."

"I suppose I've gotten too good at keeping nix for my own good," Mark sighed, eager as he was to spend his time actually learning his trade.

"Cor, don't you worry about that. Between this and smuggling in ale for our lushingtons, I'd say you've earned yourself some proper instruction." It was in this moment of comradery that Elias told Mark, "It's a good fmg [sic] we can drink on the job, what with Parliament making it harder for us to do anyfmg [sic] excitin' on our day off."

"What do you mean?"

By the time Elias explained the details of the Sunday Trading Bill to his pupil, Mark's face reddened - not only the usual sweat and red lustre from the furnace, but nearly puce with rage. "Well, anyhow, we'll show the toffs how important it is to be in church on Sunday."

"How will you go about doing that?"

"We'll be going to Hyde Park, we will. With hundreds of people -- on a Sunday," Elias added, gleefully. "I'm sure if it's so important for our shops to be closed on Sunday, their park will be deserted. Savvy?"

"Savvy." And so by Sunday, Mark and Elias joined the Hyde Park demonstrators, jeering at the ladies and gentlemen who somehow weren't in church. They jeered not out of piety, but at the hypocrisy of a bill that closed their shops on their one day of rest while leaving the parks open so that carriage folk could still frolic. Harry's family was not frolicking at the moment.

1) On the other hand, perhaps this does bode ill for the peacock afterall, depending on your view of conditions in the Zoo.

2) The Busy Hives Around Us, 1861 <http://www.victorianlondon.org/index-2012.htm>

3) Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes, by Thomas Wright, 1867 - Part 2 - Work and Play - On the Inner Life of Workshops.

<http://www.victorianlondon.org/index-2012.htm>

# SECTION HATE

*“I wish my  
tea had sugar  
in it.”*

Ida Kao, Omen Office 2018



## וועגן יידיש

צי רעדט עמעצער דאָ יידיש? אוואָדע ניט. צומערסטנס פֿון איר רעדן בלויז ענגליש. עס איז זלידנע אָ צומערסטנס פֿון איר קענט רעדן אייער מאַמע-לשון, אָבער מײַן מאַמע-לשון איז אַ שפּראַך פֿון וועלכן אַ סך מענטשן האָבן קײַן מאָל ניט געהערט. איך בין צופֿרידן אַז איך בין געביטן אַ סך זינט קומען צו האַמפּשער, און איך האָב געפֿונען אַנדערע מענטשן וואָס זײַנען אויך אַנדערש ווי "נאַרמאַל". אָבער צי ווייסט איר ווי עס פֿילט זיך ניט צו האָבן אַ לאַנד מיט מענטשן וואָס רעדן דײַן מאַמע-לשון? (מסתּמה אַ סך מער ווי וואָס איך האָב געמײנט ווען איך בין געווען ייִנגער). אָבער ישראל האָט אַוועקגעטריבן, אַרױסגעוואָרפֿן יידיש און אויך אַ סך עלטערע לײט וואָס האָבן גערעדט יידיש אַ גאַנץ לעבן און וואָס מסתּמה האָבן ניט געקענט זיך לײכט לערענען העברײיש. מע זאָל דאָס ניט טאָן צו שפּראַכן! איך האָב ליב העברײיש (אַחוץ אַז אַלץ האָט אַ מײַן, מאַן אָדער פֿרוי), אָבער פֿאַר וואָס האָט איר אויך אַוועקגעוואָרפֿן יידיש? די כאָרבן איז געווען אַבסאָלוט שרעקלעך, אָבער איך בין זיכער אַז ניט אַלע האָבן געוואָלט אַוועקוואָרפֿן אַלץ וואָס האָט צו טאָן מיט דײַטש. און זינט מײַן מאַמע-לשון איז יידיש, וואָס מײַנט דאָס? אַז איך מוז רעדן יידיש אַ גאַנץ לעבן ווײַל עס "שטאַבט" און ווײַל עס איז וויכטיק צו מײַנע עלטערן? נײַן! איך האָב ניט געהאַט פֿריינד ווען איך בין געווען ייִנגער, און אײַן סיבה איז ווײַל איך האָב געמײנט אַז איך בין אַנדערש, און אַז קײנער קען מײַן ניט פֿאַרשטײן ווײַל איך האָב קוים, קוים געקענט רעדן מיט מענטשן וואָס איך האָב געמײנט זײַנען אפילו אַ ביסל ענליך. עס איז געווען אַזוי שווער, אָבער איך האָב אופֿגעהערט רעדן יידיש פֿאַר צוויי און אַ האַלב יאָר ווײַל איך האָב ניט געוואָלט אַלעמאַל זײַן וואָס די עלטערן האָבן געוואָלט אַז איך זאָל זײַן. עס איז געווען שווער אויף מײַן האַרצן פֿאַר אַזוי פֿיל יאָרן. די כאָרבן איז געווען שרעקלעך און איך ווײַל ניט דאָרפֿן טראַכטן וועגן דעם מײַן גאַנץ לעבן. אויב עמעצער קען דאָס לײנען וואָלט איך געווען צופֿרידן! (אַחוץ אײַנער, און דו ווייסט ווער דו ביסט).

submitted by Kiyoshi Nature

# A COLLABORATIVE HATE SPEECH PIECE AGAINST THE OMEN

BY ALLY ZEITLER AND KIYOSHI NATURE

Why, Omen, why? What are you even doing? Don't promote free speech, free speech is the devil! The Omen is so boring!! It's just like the same thing every week, and it's never funny or amusing! What are you talking about, of course I don't read it, because it's boring and I don't have time! I don't care about the Omen. I really, really don't care. That's why I'm writing this piece. It's so important that other people know that I don't like the Omen and don't care about it. Because I REALLY don't care. Do something better with your time like feed the homeless or rescue wild animals or burn candles and smoke a joint. Make a deal with Satan. Dance naked under the moonlight until the sun comes up. Get a tattoo. Change your baby's diarrhea-filled diapers. Whatever you do, make sure its something you won't regret. and DONT read the Omen. Ever.

FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK!!!!!!

# **ADDING ANOTHER LEVEL OF FUCKERY: A COLLABORATIVE PIECE**

FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK  
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK  
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCKERY FUCK FUCK  
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK  
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK  
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCKERY FUCK FUCK  
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK  
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK  
FUCKERY FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK  
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK  
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCKERY!!!!!!

## **FUN GAME: FIND WALDO!**

By: Ally Zeitler, Kiyoshi Nature

## HUMOROUS HAMPSHIRE HOROSCOPE HALLOWEEN EDITION: HORRORSCOPE

**Aries (March 21-April 19):**

You will lead your friends into the dark, dark, woods.

**Taurus (April 20-May 20):**

Go to Atkin's to get cider donuts. Bring them to the dark, dark, woods.

**Gemini (May 21- June 20):**

Find someone with the same costume. They are your friend for the night. Don't let leave them alone with an Aries.

**Cancer (June 21-July 22):**

Find a Ouija board. Join Aries in the dark, dark, woods.

**Leo (July 23-August 22):**

Cause some drama. Steal Gemini's friend. Take them to the dark, dark, woods.

**Virgo (August 23-September 22):**

Criticize your partner for the night if your partner is an Aries. If not grab a baby doll and bring it into the dark, dark woods.

**Libra (September 23-October 22):**

Socialize with an Aries. When your song comes on go to the dark, dark, woods with a Gemini.

**Scorpio (October 23-November 21):**

Trigger a debate with a Libra. Think about going into the dark, dark, woods. Then go into the dark, dark, woods.

**Sagittarius (November 22-December 21):**

Go wander into the woods. Find an Aries. Find the reservoir. Or don't. Whatever.

**Capricorn (December 22-January 19):**

Plan to follow an Aries into the woods. When a problem arises solve it. Especially if it's a math problem.

**Aquarius (January 20-February 18):**

Make new friends with all the other signs. Go into the dark, dark, woods. Paint a picture of the reservoir. Submit your painting to The Omen on November 1 at dawn.

**Pisces (February 19-March 20):**

Go into the dark, dark woods. Hide in the shadows until you see an Ares. Then jump out and scream "NOOOO!" While moving in slow-motion. Afterwards make sure everyone get's home safely.

# The Actual Hampshire Horoscope

## October 26, 2018

**Aries (March 21-April 19):**

You are an ambitious risk taker. Take many risks this month and you will reap many unspecified rewards.

**Taurus (April 20-May 20):**

You are sometimes bull headed. You will have great opportunities to lead this month.

**Gemini (May 21- June 20):**

You are versatile, adaptable and easily bored. If you find yourself bored this month, do something new.

**Cancer (June 21-July 22):**

You will find comfort amongst others this month. Follow your instincts they will lead to great rewards.

**Leo (July 23-August 22):**

Be extra generous and loving this month. Someone in your life needs it.

**Virgo (August 23-September 22):**

Stay focused on your goals this month. There is much work to be done.

**Libra (September 23-October 22):**

Reach out to someone special this month. You will find an opportunity to be just and righteous this month

**Scorpio (October 23-November 21):**

Go big or go home right? There is an opportunity for you this month. Grab a hold of it.

**Sagittarius (November 22-December 21):**

Make sure to explore much more this month. Use your sharp intellect to it's fullest extent.

**Capricorn (December 22-January 19):**

Your life is about to get complicated! Make sure to keep everything in good working order this month.

**Aquarius (January 20-February 18):**

Take a new path towards life this month. Make sure to enjoy life.

**Pisces (February 19-March 20):**

Help others this month but don't forget to help yourself too.

Note: The Omen staff do not actually hate Horoscopes, we just found ourselves incapable of deciding which section they went in, so we found ourselves hating it.

Both Horoscopes submitted by Will Newhall

“Maybe Hampshire  
is so broke because  
people burned the  
flag that time and  
we had to replace  
it.”

Submitted by Ida Kao

**“THE LONGER WE ARE IN THE  
omen OFFICE THE MORE FUCKERY  
HAPPENS.”**

-Chloe Omelchuck, Omen office, 2 am

## Omen Project

Free Riting

William Newhall

Oct 5, 2018 1:27:30 PM

The Essay on Pore Speeling

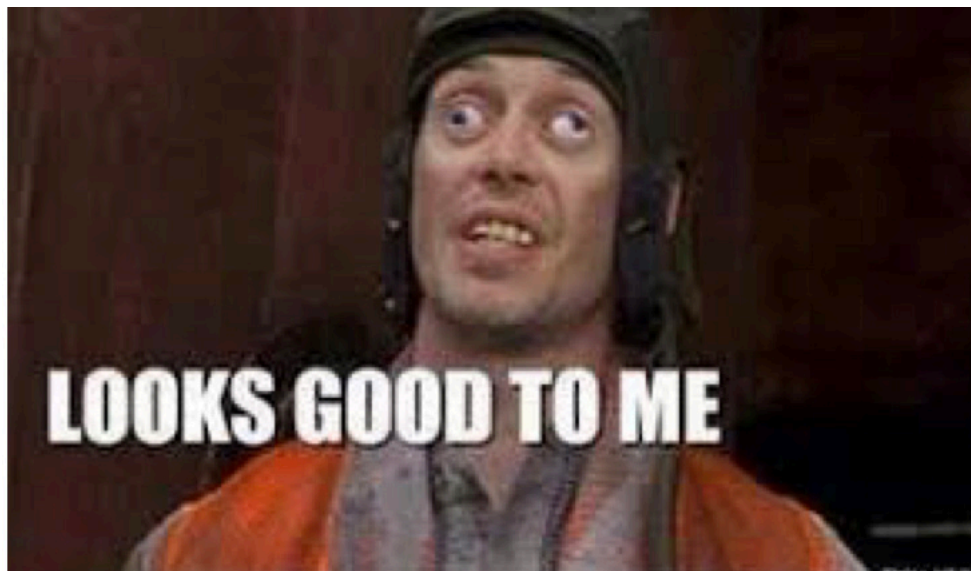
This is a easy on pore speeling. Mony papel thees dais thinc thae no how to speel and rite and gammar. this not be tru. People dont no how to rite good. I doo no hoe to rite good. Edewcashion must bee butter. Wii can doe thus bye beeng butter edewkated. Gammar is imporant. Without goot gammar Anglich iz hart. Speeling haz too bee goot too. Edewkation is hoe wii goo aboot dewing tat. This iz n easy aboot speeling goot. pai atentiu.

Gammar is goot. Gammar is useful. With out gammar and punktewashion you cant have goot wurd. Puntwash!on is soopurr usful' (a.l\*1) thu tyme. with out it riting is soopurr hart. peepel dont untur stant u if yoo do.n't, use(it). Prapur gammar and punktewashion iz impurtont.

Speeling is nyce. Speeling helps with luking smurt. Speeling is alsoo hart. Butt hart is a goot thing. Without goot speeling peepel cant rite goot. peepel tell me that I haz goot speelinng with words like "words" ant "without". I kan doo goot with speeling. reemembur to speel goot. Utherwize peepel wont undur sdand u. A goot wai to lurn speeling iz too yuse Tweeter. Tweeter peepul r nyce. X-sept the ones who say "yoo dum dum". Thay r meen. Ae thenk my speeling is goot. I can rite and reed.

Edewkashun is goot. Peepel say yuneevurcity is for smurt peepel. Butt if thay r soo smurt y cant thay reed my riting? Thay say thay cant understand it. If thay cant understand it than y r thay in coolege? my riting is goot. mae frend sayz so. Heez smurt. Hee can doo mathumatiks. deed u no that too aples plus too apples eekwals five apples? Hee uh smurt guy. I smurt too. I kan speel goot. peepel say coolege stoodunts are smurt. Butt thay dont undurstand mee. If thay dont undurstant mee than hoe r thay smurt? Ae dont geet it.

Een Conklooshun, Edewkashun is Usefull. Stae in skool kids. Skool is goot. Dont goe on eenternet. Thee eenturnet is meen. Lotz of meen peepul on thee eenternut. Dont lissen to Eenternet. Utherwize u end up lik mee. Thee eenternet is meen and dum.



THURS  
DAY  
OCTOBER  
25<sup>TH</sup> 7PM

MERR-  
ILL A

BASEME-  
NT

OMEN MEETING  
\*SPECIAL HALLOWEEN EXCLUSIVE\*  
WITH NEO-PAGAN COLLECTIVE

OMEN MEETING  
\*SPECIAL HALLOWEEN EXCLUSIVE\*  
WITH NEO-PAGAN COLLECTIVE  
BASEME-  
NT  
OCTOBER  
25<sup>TH</sup> 7PM  
MERR-  
ILL A